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A

VIEW

OF THE

VILLAGE OF HAMPTON,

FROM

MOULSEY HURST,

WITH

THE ORIGINAL

LANCASHIRE COLLIER GIRL,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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A VIEW, &c.

WHENEVER HAMPTON COURT is ſpoken of, it hath generally been ſeen, or heard of; whilſt the little Village of HAMPTON, only a mile from the Palace, is comparatively unknown, except to Fiſhers, as the moſt famous of all the barbel * deeps; yet cannot the banks of the Thames boaſt *a riſe* more healthy, or where the river more beautifully winds; many ſtrangers, whoſe journeys lead them through it, have been riveted in admiration, ſtopped awhile, and now make it a conſtant ſummer-excurſion.

* When the water is very clear, columns of barbel may be ſeen filing off by the boats ſunk to preſerve the deep, for the accommodation of private angling.

My intention is to offer a few thoughts that ſeized me, even in "the gloomy month of November." On the 20th of laſt, I made as pleaſant and unexpected a five hours walk, in parts of Surrey and Middleſex, as could charm the eye, or cheer the heart, of man.

The outſet of the day is offered, a tribute to Hampton, for her delightful views, and many delightful public and private walks, that ſhe hath opened to me. The whole five hours might be tireſome; but they may, at a future period, with other rambles, fill up a book.

The morning appeared ſo very unpromiſing, I aroſe with idleneſs in my thoughts, and at twelve left a ſequeſtered cottage, midway between the Thames

"And ſullen * Mole that hides his diving flood,"

a cottage, *cozie* and concealed as a wren's neſt—but, on immediately wheeling out, a

* Pope's Windſor Foreſt, line 307.

burſt

burſt of landſcape, varied and chaſtely interſting, ſurround us. Here too lived a lately-deceaſed theatrical perſon, whoſe becoming manners gained eſteem in private life, whilſt profeſſional abilities inſured public patronage. And near where I now write, a little mulberry-tree—we will ſuppoſe from a Stratford-upon-Avon ſhoot—is ſhaking his crooked head to the wind: and may it flouriſh as long as his *Twelfth Cake!* The ſtem is unpromiſing, and hath been either ſtunted by Eaſtern blaſts or an uncongenial ſoil—but it lives, and is a favourite robin-perch.

Small as this little wood is, in the aſſociation of ideas it hath a valuable place in the mind.

But, having wandered from the original manuſcript, we are to return again.

Chance directed! I found myſelf upon that verdant level Moulſey Hurſt; famous for all rural ſports, and lately for archery: the whiſtling arrows having the boldeſt range,

and quiver in ſafety where they alight; and allowed too, by cricketers, from its elaſticity, the beſt cricket-ground in England.

Slowly bending forward, I ſtopped upon a ſmall artificial mount, directly oppoſite the Ferry-Houſe, whence I take my ſtation.

For choice neighbouring views of the Thames, you muſt be on the other ſide; or you are well repaid on this, by walking on its margin until you reach about half a mile above the Hurſt.

Then look, as you gently move around, and you muſt be uncommonly pleaſed; beſides, the very old Weſt Moulſey ſteeple gives ſuch a train of reverence to thought. Hence it cannot be ſeen, owing to a lofty grove of trees.

The river is here, over an oziered iſland—in a ſheet or more of water, as ſwelled by commercial * freſhes, or involuntary floods, and according to angles of land: parts of which,

* Collected in locks for the navigation.

as well as the Hurſt, are now crowded with ſheep.

Immediately before me, and in the diviſions of water, are many ſwans *, and their light-brown cygnets, enlivening the ſurface, familiarly eyeing every boat that paſſes; whilſt barges, with long trains of horſes, or coming down with ſwelling ſails, are apparently cutting through the land.

Over Aps Court Wood, in Surrey, conveys the eye to Sunbury church, in Middleſex, back grounded by St. Anne's Hill. Some very large houſes near the margin of the river, half hid in trees, have a very good effect;

* I have counted nineteen, with their broods, almoſt within the throw of a net. Sometimes a parent is ſeen with riſing wings reſembling the *Nautilus*; proudly puſhing himſelf from ſide to ſide of the river, driving the leſs ſwans away, to preſerve his partner in quiet on her neſt; or to clear a paſſage for their young. The firſt year the cygnets are brown; the ſecond, a lighter; the third, white.

and the high colour of brick from what is ſeen of one of them, is a fine contraſt with the verdure before; and the arboreous ruſſet that protects it from the Eaſt. Sweeping over the woods in Kenton Park brings us to the bold road of Hampton common-field; taken from which, is a houſe built by the late vocal and juſtly-celebrated Mr. Beard; the firſt, in the irregular, the beautiful, and partly white-waſhed, village of Hampton.

Her brick church in pre-eminence, with freſh painted and accommodating covered benches in the church-yard; *whence* is an unparalleled command of the river. The old-faſhioned appearance of the Bell, neat without, and clean within; the Ferry-houſe—a boat full of Sunday Londoners, juſt landed on the Hurſt; all laugh and fine cloaths, with an apparent determination to be happy—and may they be ſo, on the *coming* morrows!

Then, turning to the right, I with reverence met the Temple to SHAKSPEARE—and, contemplating

templating to whoſe tranſcendency it was raiſed, a pauſe encompaſſed me — until, ranging in the wilds of random, imagination flew above the powers of intellect—the approach of a perſon paſſing along the foot-path brought me home again. I had then, partly through yew-trees, and over walls ſeparating the high road, bound with rich coats of ivy, a good ſight of the retired villa—and well it looks.—Probably from my being too near the temple, the building appears heavy, and the portico is ſeen to diſadvantage. Were it upon an eminence, it would have a noble effect: yet could it in no other ſituation ſo intereſt us, as on the premiſes of the grateful Genius who reared it, for the expreſs purpoſe of containing the buſt of his MASTER. In this ſtage I had the ſatisfaction to recollect the following lines, by Mr. Sheridan:

"The Yew-tree and Cypreſs, for ſorrow renown'd,
And tear-dropping Willow, ſhall near thee be found;

All

All Nature ſhall droop, and united complain,
That SHAKSPEARE in GARRICK hath died o'e
again."

And, in truth, I believe I ſaw the very "yew-tree"—the very "cypreſs"—the very "tear-dropping willow"—decorating the very lively lawn—laid out by its once inimitable owner. The fairy-footed paſſage under the arch leading to the pleaſure-grounds gives much to expect; and I ſaw much to admire.

The poor of Hampton will gratefully convey to their children's children the many benevolences of Mr. Garrick—

"The young found comfort, and the aged bread."

Alive in their memories, he is never mentioned without a bleſſing. The following I had, a few days ago, hot from the hearts of an old huſbandman and his wife, who had been married thirty-ſeven years; and, as the woman ſaid, ſhe had "never repented." It is given in their very words:

"Many

"Many and many a good has he done to "the poor in Hampton, in flannel, and coals, "and meat; and ſhook many a poor man by "the hand, and left a ſhilling in it—God "bleſs him!—and he would talk to little "children, and would give them pennies, and "ſometimes ſixpences.—About two years be-"fore he died, he fixed a day, and all the "women of Hampton town had their chil-"dren upon his lawn."—Here his dame be-gan—"I had ſix with me; and I never ſaw "folks look merrier at a fair.—When I was "called up, I took my ſix into the temple; "where Mr. Garrick was ſitting by the fine "buſt, with great cakes before him: he took "down all their names, and every child's "name—and then gave a ſhilling and a piece "of plum-cake to every individual one; not "even leaving out poor babes in their mo-"ther's arms."

I will not lower this action by commenting upon it;—but, if Angels hover around us,

the

the inviſible SHAKSPEARE muſt have beheld it with ſeraphic rapture.

Then throwing the eye along ſmall but beautiful lawns, and over the ſtately trees in Buſhy Park, whoſe branches ſwell with the riſing road, and leſſen again, until it repoſes on Hampton's magnificent palace; after wading through ſome indignant thoughts againſt the lofty rapacious founder *—and his more rapacious king † and maſter; who could ſuppreſs an honeſt feel, in thinking a "BRI-"TON BORN" ‡ hath humanely yielded it

* Cardinal Wolſey built it; the only good left to admire in him is what remains of his architectural knowledge.

† Henry VIII.

‡ In his Majeſty's firſt declaration to his privy council, upon the death of his Grandfather, is the following congenial expreſſion:

"Animated by the tendereſt affection for my "NATIVE country"—

And, in his ſpeech to both Houſes of Parliament:

"Born, and educated in this country, I glory in "the name of BRITON!"

an

an aſylum to an unfortunate Prince? The mind was ruſhing into the atrocities that had driven him from his country, devaſtated by republican *tyrannicides*; when luckily I caught "Eſher's peaceful grove," an enchanting eminence, to ſteal me from a reſtleſs ſubject.

A retrograde move of the head gave Eaſt Moulſey's modeſt ſteeple; backed at a diſtance by a long chain of hill, in which Epſom Downs are particularly diſtinguiſhed—and in the fore-ground Cock-crow Hill is pleaſantly conſpicuous, with a large ſolitary tree on its ſummit. Immediately dropping the eye; Hampton's white bridge, with the Palace, near one extremity, and a white houſe at the other, from whatever ſtation ſeen, are happily ſituated to be admired.

The *Mole*, which riſes and continues in Surrey, takes his name from forcing a paſſage ſome diſtance under ground. After moſt circuitouſly

cuitouſly wandering, as if loth to leave his fanciful meadows—and ſupplying a great variety of mills, more than any river of his length in England; with gentlemen out of buſineſs, living near his borders, who have benefited by his ſtream;—with the moſt chearful rapidity he "*hides*" himſelf in the THAMES, near the foot of the Bridge; ruſhing towards the Palace, as if as proud, as deſerving, to be commixed with

"The GREAT FATHER of the BRITISH floods."

THE

ORIGINAL

LANCASHIRE

COLLIER GIRL,

A TRUE STORY.

THE ORIGINAL

LANCASHIRE COLLIER GIRL.

FOUR miles on the gradually riſing road, between Wigan and Ormſkirk, the little village of *Upholland* rears its ſtony head, on the ſide of a hill, commanding an extenſive view over a rich country. This happy retreat is as famous for clear air as for good proſpects. Near the remains of an old priory, long ago violently diſmantled, there is a ſchool, under the care of a clergyman, which not only produces excellent ſcholars, but as

ruddy-faced and contented boys as any in the kingdom. Nor is this village wanting in the elegant manners of polite life; and to a fair inhabitant we are obliged for being the means of reſcuing the ſubject of this relation from diſtreſs, by recommending her to a family in the neighbourhood, the owners of a handſome old ſeat, not dignified when we call it *Hoſpitality Hall*, ſo deſerving of the title in the old Engliſh meaning of the word.

Betty Hodſon, our herione, was the ſecond daughter of an induſtrious couple, with ſix children, living at Upholland. The father worked at a neighbouring colliery; the eldeſt girl remained with the mother, employed about a little farm, in taking care of the cows; and, when that duty was over, in ſpinning. Every particular, to the credit of people in humble life, ought to be mentioned, to induce others to habits of employment; and, in juſtice to the parents, their

children

children are ſpoken of as if there had not been one ſprig of idleneſs amongſt them. Let us tell you, the ſpinning-wheel is a chearful attendant to a good ditty; and, although it may not be ſaid to turn round with much melody, it wheels about with life and profit, and ſets off a ſong to very great advantage.

This honeſt man, not having employment for his children above ground, took Betty, at nine years of age, and a brother, of ſeven, into the coal-pit with him. Theſe little folks ſoon put their ſtrength to their baſket, dragging the coals from the workmen to the pit, and by theſe efforts they did the duty, as it is called, of *one drawer*: it is with pride we make it known to little children, that Betty and her brother, at this early age, cleared their parents ſeven ſhillings a week; here was a treaſure, a ſatisfaction they were taught to feel by example, and by the encouragement given to them.

But, alas! in the midſt of their humble happineſs, one fatal day, as the father was fixing a baſket to be wound up, ſome ſtones fell from the top of the pit, and killed him on the ſpot. I wiſh it were poſſible to avoid ſpeaking of this accident, and the dreadful conſequence; it makes the head ache to go on, and yet it would be injuſtice to know it and paſs it over, as it ſets off the young perſon I am going to introduce to your admiration, in the moſt favourable light in the world.

All was grief;—the faithful partner of his life ſunk under it;—ſhe became inſtantly deranged, and never afterwards recovered her ſenſes, a victim to a feeling heart, and a ſtrong proof of the intrinſic value of her huſband. Thus circumſtanced, the pariſh was obliged to ſeparate her from her children, and kept her five years. The eldeſt girl, the ſpinner, married ſome time after the calamity. Two boys, aged nine and ſeven, were bound

apprentices

apprentices by the parish; the two youngest, one three years old, the other an infant, were taken care of in the same way, until they might be sufficiently old to be bound like their brothers.

Betty, at her father's death, was between eleven and twelve years of age, and continued in the coal-pit, in preference to throwing herself upon the parish, as she was then capable by her own labour of earning a shilling a day. At her full strength she got two shillings, and at sixteen took her mother to live with her, and entirely maintained her; she likewise took her youngest brother, supported him half a year, when he died. Another of her brothers she maintained during sixteen weeks illness, and, when he died, buried him; as she likewise did her poor deranged mother, at the end of seven years; and all this, without ever applying to the parish for one farthing. To enable her to provide against wants constantly increasing,

and always uppermoſt in her thoughts, by voluntary labour ſhe has often gained three ſhillings and ſix-pence a day, by what ſhe called a *double turn*.

Is there an inſtance under the canopy of Heaven of any human being having paid more reverence to the fifth commandment? like the honeſt corporal, who allowed "his "father and mother three half-pence a day "out of his pay." Could our Collier Girl have had the advantage of a Sterne, or a Hannah More *, who takes the poor under her protection, ſhe would juſtly appear in the firſt line of characters, actuated by thoſe natural beſt of gifts, filial duty and tenderneſs.

* Miſs Hannah More hath improved this artleſs tale, to anſwer the purpoſes of her "Cheap Repoſitory;" for which many parts are left out; and, though doubtleſs with the pureſt intention, ſhe hath over-tinctured others with too much Religion.

Actions

Actions like theſe prove who poſſeſs the nobleſt blood of the children of Adam. Good from example, and unaſſiſted by education, ſhe followed the wiſh of her father, and was long buried in the bowels of the earth, amongſt a rough, but invaluable race of men, a race known to thoſe acquainted with them for their honeſty, bravery, and hardy-hood; amongſt ſuch ſhe could not be poliſhed, but they did not diſturb her principles; and, when ſhe had loſt her parent, the companions of his labour were the guardians of the daughter. They knew not how to improve the head, the heart could not be better; but they would occaſionally lend a hand to leſſen her fatigue.

But what young perſon could uphold, againſt ſuch exertions, and overloaded too with complicated griefs—the untimely fate of her parents, her two brothers, drooping, like plants withering in their infancy; and her harmleſs mother following, without

knowing the child who nurtured her;—all comforted and ſupported by her indefatigable exertions.

Her mind trembled with her weakened body, and her head became troubled with ſtrange imaginations, ſuch as are known to be brought on by grief, poor food, and exceſſive fatigue; yet could ſhe not tell why ſhe thought ſo ſtrangely, and ſtill continued to drag on heavy loads, grown heavier as thoſe relations were no more, affection for whom had lightened the burthens. Probably too, ſhe thought herſelf obliged to continue her exertions to clear expences brought on by ſickneſs and death. At laſt ſhe was compelled to quit her employ, as reſt is the only relief to a mind, that gives way to filial duties, and overſtraining exertions of the body; ſick, and worn down, a comfortleſs, ſolitary home, and almoſt a prey to her ſorrows. But the inviſible Being, who had filled her with ſtrength when others depended upon her for

ſupport,

ſupport, granted an aſylum when ſhe had not powers to labour for herſelf.

At this period, ſhe heard of an under-ſervant's place vacant at Hoſpitality Hall, where domeſtics are treated as "humble friends," and never quit the roof except from particular reaſons. Years and years may roll on; ſtill are ſeen the ſame faces, grown older in courſe, but placidly keeping pace with time.

The kindneſs of Benevolus ſpreads, like the dew of Heaven; and, like it too, cheers the ſickly. His tenants never ſee him without endeavouring to converſe with him, which he never fails encouraging; and they always fix their eyes upon him as long as he is in ſight. Often have I lingered behind, to hear whiſpers of bleſſings ſhowered down upon him and his houſe.

At Hoſpitality Hall Betty preſented a countenance of ſolicitation and honeſty. After uſual queſtions, and on artleſsly telling about her former ſituation, ſhe was given to underſtand,

derſtand, that very ſituation was ſuch as to make it neceſſary to be particular in enquiries about her character; and it was thought it could not be proper to admit her into a private family.

This rebuff, which her innocence had never expected, was almoſt death to her; and ſhe ſilently retired, with a heart as big with accumulated grief as her mind hath been full of fantaſies.

Benevolus * and his lady were ſo much affected at the alterations in her countenance, and the ſorrow which ſhe took away with her;—that, on hearing from her fair protectreſs, before mentioned,—of the peculiar good character Betty bore in the village;—they immediately determined to take her into the family.—Benevolus made it his firſt buſineſs to go to the Colliery, to enquire more of

* William Bankes, Eſq. of Winſtanley, near Wigan.

this

this remarkable young perſon.—The maſter of the pit ſpoke of her moſt kindly, and ſaid, "As they often in the mines labour by taſk-"work, ſhe had overpowered herſelf; that "ſhe was as good a girl as any alive; and "was both beloved and protected by the col-"liers; who were ſometimes quarrelſome, or "ſo, when relaxing over their cups, but "howſomever they would never let any one "ſay improper things, or offer harm to a "woman in the pits, without chaſtiſement, "or making the fellow aſhamed of him-"ſelf."

Pleaſed the more, the more he heard, ſhe was immediately received; and has lived ſix years at Hoſpitality Hall, an example of induſtry, humility, and kindheartedneſs; and in all probabily ſhe is ſettled for life (not errors, but marriage excepted); ſhe is well-looking, tall, and ſlender in perſon, grey eyes, and a bold countenance; but it is in the boldneſs of honeſty:—when ſpoken to, ſhe

ſhe anſwers with good natural ſenſe and openneſs. Nothing fatigues her; work ſeems to ſlip through her fingers;—and we may think ſhe ſtill retains that fearleſs character of a miner, no dangers could poſſibly daunt. Her health, under the happy change of condition, was ſoon re-eſtabliſhed; and her mind, which had given way to grief and wearineſs of body, is ſound and content.

Not one point laid before my readers is the offspring of the brain; and who, even in this tumultuous world, that would not feel reſpect for a kind creature, who thought not of other approbation than what the Father of Mercies hath inſtinctively implanted within her?

Ye men of affluence and pride, learn then that no ſtation, however apparently unfavourable, but ſhould live under the protection of good opinion: it is ungenerous to think thoſe who are expoſed to danger have fallen into it. We likewiſe learn that a uſeful order of men, toiling the greateſt part of life undergrouhd,

and

and little noticed when they emerge from it, muſcular from labour, and rough amongſt themſelves, not only allow the helpleſs female to ſleep her hour in reſt and ſafety, but return unſullied to the world.

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